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BY L. G. HOFFMAN.] ALBANY SATURDAY JULY 22, 1843. [VOL. IV.—NO. 47.

MASONIC.

ADDRESS

TO THE GRAND LODGE OF STATE NEW YORK.

The following is the Annual Address, delivered at the opening of the Grand Lodge in June, last, by the R. W. Dep. G. Master, WILLIAM WILLIS, Esq.

R. W. and W. Brethren;

Representatives of the Masonic Fraternity of the State of New York.

Once more convened according to the custom of the Ancient Craft, in our annual assembly, wisely to consider, and gravely to discuss such measures as are of interest to Masons and Masonry, I am happy to be enabled to congratulate you on the prosperous condition of the Institution throughout the world; and especially on the favorable progress of events, during the past year, in the wide extent of our own country. The Fraternal intercourse with the G. Lodges of Europe is gradually increasing in interest and satisfaction; and it is most probable, by prudent and proper measures, steadily pursued, a perfect harmony may be effected amongst all the regular Lodges of the old world and the new, and that the exclusiveness which has been created in the last century, by systems and prejudices, will give place to the reciprocity of benefits, which will result from universal toleration.

The measures generally, which were proposed and put in operation at our last annual communication, have proved highly advantageous and will become more so hereafter, if strictly and uniformly practised. I will mention particularly the regulations relating to Grand Lodge Certificates, and Registry. Circumstances have come to my knowledge, which I do not deem it expedient at present to mention, but, they are of such a nature as carry with them ample proof of the necessity of the most inflexible adherance to those regulations by every Lodge in this State.

Since our last communication a great variety of business of interest to the Craft has passed under my observation, some portions of which involving important questions of wright and wrong, I cannot avoid laying before you, that the decisions I have found it my duty to make, may have your approbation or revision, as you may regard them, correct or otherwise.

The first case I have to state, is one in which the rights and privileges of the Master of a Lodge were placed in jeopardy by the action of his Lodge. After the Lodge was opened, the Master had occasion to be absent for a short time, leaving the Senior Warden in the chair. On his return to his seat, he found that charges had been preferred against him, and a committe appointed to try him; and the Senior Warden refused to return to his hands the Warrant and Mallet of the Lodge; complaint being made to me by the Master, I directed the Grand Secretary to inform the said Senior Warden that it was my direction that he should forthwith return the Warrant to the hands of the Master, and that the action of the Lodge on that case must be suspended, and the members hold themselves in readiness to maintain their charges before the Grand Stewards Lodge, which was all promptly complied with by the parties. The ground of my decision is this, the Master of a Lodge is only subject to impeachment and trial before his peers, who are acquainted with his duties, but which the members generally of a Lodge cannot know, until they are themselves seated in the Oriental Chair. A copy of my letter to the S. W. of that Lodge is herewith submitted, and marked A.

The next case involving an important principle, which I have to state, is in relation to the initiation of a person who had been previously received in a clandestine Lodge. In conformity to the Constitution and the by-laws of the Lodge to which he applied, he paid $20, the regular initiation fee, but after being made a Master Mason, the Lodge returned him $15 At the time these were made known to me, I was also informed that other candidates were on the books of that Lodge for initiation, and on the same terms.—Regarding this course of action on the part of the Lodge as a direct violation of Masonic duty, and a circumvention of the constitution, I caused a letter to be addressed to the Lodge, a copy of which is herewith submitted, marked B.

From the register of the past year, it appears that of the noviciates of the Order in this city, more than half are raised to the rank of M. M's in a fortnight from their initiation, many in the course of a week or ten days, others in two or three days, and some within twenty-four hours, even without the permission of the Grand Master. The circumstances of a candidate may and do sometimes justify the making by dispensation, and when this is the case, and upon proper application, it has never been refused. Finding the extent to which the rapid process of confering degrees had been tolerated, and the rights of the Grand Master and of the Grand Lodge infringed, I determined to vindicate the the Grand Master's prerogative, the financial interest of the Grand Lodge, and at the same time to call the attention of the Masters of Lodges to the impropriety of confering the degrees of Masonry in the rapid succession which has extensively prevailed in this city, a practice which I am satisfied is full of evils, is not justified by ancient practice, and which requires correction. I therefore caused letters to be directed to two Lodges of this City a copy of which is submitted, marked C.

At the close of our last annual communication, I was in hope that existing regulations would prove sufficient for good government, but I am constrained unwillingly to believe that even in the Craft, where order and discipline ought to be exhibited in the utmost perfection, new regulations will be occasionally necessary to check erroneous constructions of existing laws, and as we are now about to enter on a revision of our codes, as well as to decide upon some important questions of law, I beg leave to direct your attention to certain principles of our compact, which I am anxious should be kept in view, in your future deliberations.

The ancient Constitutions and Landmarks of our Order were not made by us. We have voluntarily put ourselves under them, as have our predecessors for ages before us. As they are, we must conform to them, or leave the Institution, BUT WE CANNOT ALTER THEM. The regulations of the Grand Lodge which are made by ourselves, must be in conformity with the constitution of the Order.

Immediately after the close of the last Annual Communication the Grand officers addressed a letter to the Lodges and Fraternity in the State, which, in accordance with the desire expressed at that Assembly, contained such information and advice as was deemed appropriate to the occasion. As it is a part of the business of the Grand Lodge to cause such an annual letter to be prepared; I would suggest the propriety of your indicating those by whom you desire it should be written.

In the course of the last winter, I visited officially most of the Lodges in the Cities of New York and Brooklyn, and imparted such instruction, admonition or reproof as circumstances seemed to require. I had the pleasure of hearing in some of the Lodges, very interesting addresses, and Scientific Lectures, and remarked that they were generally well attended.

From the reports of the Grand Visiters, that I have had an opportunity of examining, I am fully satisfied that no further outlay of time and money for the collection of forfeited warrants can be justified.

I feel it my duty again to call your attention to the consideration of the present allowence of mileage and daily pay of the delegates from distant Lodges. The reasons I offered in my last annual communication, remain in full force, and I earnestly urge your consideration of them.

Brethren, in conducting the affairs of our Institution, every member has some duty to perform. The carelessness or negligence of some, can in no way justify indifference in others. To us, however, it peculiarly belongs—to exemplify the principles and practices which we teach. To this Body appertains the full control of an Institution abounding in the most glorious capabilities. It is our duty to give to our powers, that direction which will insure the most permanent, satisfactory and beneficial results. It is I believe a universal sentiment in the fraternity, that with us as a Fraternity, there exists an ability to do a greater amount of good than any other association on earth. Let us then unite in our efforts to build up our Fraternal Temple upon a solid foundation, not looking for the realization of all our hopes and expectations to the contracted space of a day or a year, but with a determination to persevere in every good and honorable work, and with a confidence that in proportion to our exertions with united hearts and hands, will those works progress.

These, my Brethren, are a few of the subjects to which your attention is invited this session. Others

of importance, both in relation to our Foreign and Domestic affairs will be laid before you by the proper Grand Officers and Committees." I have now only to recommend that the brethren will, with me, lay aside all personal considerations, and invoking the blessing of the Divine Architect of the Universe upon our labors, enter on the work before us with a fixed determination to rebuild a Temple out of the materials in our hands, which shall call forth the admiration and praise of every beholder.

YOUTH'S DEPARTMENT..

From the Portland Tribune.

Resist Temptation.

We have often cautioned young men and youth, against forming vicious connections, and indulging in criminal pursuits. We cannot too frequently caution them. Not a month passes when we do not hear of some crime committed—some deed of darkness—by those who in early life, shunned reproof, hated instruction, and, regardless of paternal warnings and tears, followed the bent of their own perverse natures. Without considering the end of their course, and reflecting on the disastrous consequences of a life of folly and sin, they yield to present temptation, and to gratify a few moments, throw away their whole existence, which, if rightly improved, would yield solid pleasure, and tell nobly on the minds of those who come after them. There is something so fascinating in the allurements of vice, that it requires no little effort for a young man to keep himself aloof from its deceitful meshes. Where one individual has sufficient courage to resist temptation, thousands yield and are lost forever.

In reading the lives of those who have been distinguished for their crimes, and who have perished ignominiously, we find that with scarcely an exception that every one of them commenced his career of crime when quite a youth. When removed from a parent's eye, he indulged in profane language, vicious conversation and unholy practices. In the darkness of night, perhaps, he stole away from his father's roof, to indulge in scenes of depravity, which the heart sickens to contemplate, while his parents deemed him an honest and virtuous boy. He may have gone to a trade, or entered a counting room, and there unobserved and undetected, took what belonged to his master. The majority of his sins would have never been discovered, excepting to that Eye which never sleeps, but for his confession when near the confines of eternity. From strict morality to the depths of vice, the descent is gradual and imperceptible. The comparatively virtuous youth of to-day, when tempted to commit a trifling sin, cannot realise that in a few months hence, he will have descended far into the mire of guilt—so far, that such a situation as his may be, he contemplates with dread. Such will be the case with you young man, if you parely with sin—if you yield to tempatation.

We have been led to these remarks from the history Abner Rogers, who recently took the life of Mr. Lowell, the worthy keeper of the prison at Charlestown. When quite a lad he was suffered to roam about the streets of his native village, (Newbury, Mass.) and associated with the most profligate and abandoned characters. Instead of spending his evenings in good society; or in reading to improve his mind, he was parading the streets and forming schemes of wickedness. He despised instruction and hated counsel, and derided those youth of his acquaintance, who were too honorable to associate with him and his companions. He early learned to swear and was shockingly profane in his conversation. The society that pleased him most was where he could smoke cigars, drink rum, and hear and repeat tales of licentiousness. At the early age of nineteen, he was sent to prison for passing counterfeit money. When his term of imprisonment expired, he had learned no salutary lesson from his past course and the consequence of a vicious life, but continued to progress in his downward career.—He added crime to crime, until he was again doomed to the State prison. For some supposed injury he received from the keeper, he premediated his death, and the first opportunity that presented, he struck the fatal blow—thus depriving a tender wife of an affectionate husband—little children of an affectionate father, and society of one of its brightest ornaments. For this act he will soon be tried; and before many weeks will expiate his life of crime upon the gallows, at the early age of thirty years.

Young man, can we be too earnest in pleading with you to resist temptation and to repulse the first approach of sin? Will you not be on your guard, and daily watch that you yield not to the influence of vice? You may not see the danger to which you are exposed, but it is not less sure, if you parley with temptation. Associate not with the vicious and profane, with those who break the Sabbath, scoff at the Bible and ridicule religion. Spend your evenings in useful pursuits. In the darkness of night thousands of dangerous schemes are formed and thousands of vices are practised, which would never have been perpetrated under the broad light of day. Of this you must be aware. How careful then should you be to improve your evenings in useful pursuits. Do not wander about with idle companions, or go into the company of those who swear and drink, and smoke. It is a dangerous place.—You will contract habits that will prove your ruin.

But once loose your good name—have a stigma cast upon your characters, and you are nearly ruined for life. The thought that you are not respected; that you have no virtuous friends, will have a tendency to lead you on the downward path.—to the commission of aggravated crimes. Be watchful of every companion—ponder every suggestion thrown out for your consideration—weigh well every project, and do nothing hastily. Remember that you are to make yourselves, and that it depends upon you alone, whether you shall be blessings to the world or curses to society. Act like thinking, accountable beings, who are one day to give account of the improvement of your time and talents, and you may be sure of a useful and happy life; otherwise you may be lost forever.

For Parents.

How to ruin a Son.—Let him have his own way—allow him free use of money—suffer him to rove where he pleases on the Sabbath day—give him free access to wicked companions—call him to no account for his evenings—furnish him with no stated employment. Pursue any one of these ways, and you will experience a most marvellous deliverance, if you have not to mourn over a debased and ruined child. Thousands have gone mourning to their graes.—*Phil. Presbyterian.*

MISCELLANY.

Sharks.

The noblest game for the deep sea-angler is the sharks; and there is towards the conquest of this fish, the same feeling as towards a similar triumph over the tiger—an exultation; a gratification to think that mankind has been releived of a monster—that one tyrant less is in existence. The excitement among a ship's watch when one of these fish is hooked, makes them, for the time, almost regardless of discipline; and ween he is hanled on board, the cry and joy with which they hurry 'John Shark,' as they term him to his fate, shows that they reejoice over a cruel enemy's fall. The sharks is seldom seen by those on ship board, except during a cabin, or when the vessel does not make more way through than one or two knots an hour. He makes detours round the ship; but astern, and mostly in the very wake of the vessel, is the position he maintains. He appears, as looked down upon from the ship's deck in shape like that of the cob; but he is of a greenish brown color, and his fins are tipped with white. Shere are two species—the common, or round headed, and the blue, or bottle-nosed.—Eaen is savage and voracious, but the worst, where both are bad; is said to be the last named. I is certain that thus is usually larger than the other, but it is more rarely met with. I never saw but one. An extraordinary circumstance connected with the shark, is its being invariably attended by a number—I have seen as many as a dozen— of most beautiful fish, varying in size from that of a herring to that of a mackerel. These are called pilot fish, from the popular belief that they guide the shark to his prey; but I believe that this is a popular delusion, similar to that which obtained for the jackal the title of the lion's provider. This arose from the jackal being always found with the kink of the forest, when he was devouring his prey. Better information now teaches, that the jackal, on such occasions, comes to profit by other's leavings; and so I think the pilot fish attends upon the shark, for the sake of feeding upon the fragments he scatters around when tearing his prey to pieces. They are most sprightly, elegant fish, banded circularly with alternate stipes of white and vivid purple, and dart about the monster's head in such evident security that no effort he might make would enable him to catch them, and they are most sedulous in picking up anp little piece that may separate from the bait employed to lure the shark, or that may be thrown in for their benefit, and which are too small to attract the monster's notice. No sooner is he hooked, and demonstrates by his struggles his sence of danger, than his little attendants betray, by their confused and affrighted motions, that they are partakers of his fears; and the instant he is completely taken from, they dart away and are seen no more. [Sportsman.

Challenging a Jury.

An Irishman was recently up before the criminal court of New Orleans, on the charge of having in his possession forged notes, knowing them to be counterfeit.

'Do you know your rights?' said the Judge.

'Not so well as I know my wrongs,' said he; 'for we havn't been such intimate acquaintances of late.'

'Well, you have the right to challenge the twelve men who will be called up to try you,' said the Judge.

'Pon me sowl, then,' said the prisoner, 'I'm not

goin' to exercise it—dence a one—but that's a nice job you'd be after given' me this mornin,' to challenge, and fight them,too— one down and another come on, I suppose—oh, no. I decline the privilege Judge.'

The jury acquitted him more for his drollery than for the clearness of his case, we believe.

From the New York Observer.

Hon. John Q. Adams on Voltaire.

HARTFORD, July 10, 1843.

Messrs Editors.—Below I send you a letter from Hon. J. Q. Adams, which I trust you will be disposed to make public. A word, by way of explanation.

About two years since, while I was travelling in Vermont, the pastor of a small village put into my hands a volume of Voltaire's Philosophical Dictionary, purporting to have been translated by John Q. Adams, with a commendatory preface by the same.—An infidel neighbor of Rev. Mr. Hubbard had loaned it to him, boasting that J. Q. Adams was an infidel as well as himself. Rev. Mr. H. procured an address of Mr. A., delivered at New York, in which he strongly urged the study of the Bible. After reading it, the infidel replied, 'If J. Q. Adams blows hot and cold in this way, I will have no farther confidence in him.'—I suspected at the time that this was either a forgery, or else the name of another J. Q. Adams; yet knowing that it had been attributed to the ex President, and therefore that his influence was made to sanction infidelity, I finally determined to ascertain the facts in the case, and also his views in regard to Voltaire's writings. These are contained in the following letter.

Yours, &c.

JOSEPH EMERSON.

QUINCY, 17th June, 1843.

Rev'd Sir.—In answer to your inquries in your letter of the 14th inst. I cheerfully state—1st, That I never published or made a translation of Voltaire's Philosophical Dictionary; 2d, That I never read that work, and am therefore unable to give an opinion of its merits; 3d, That I never saw the book mentioned by you, as purporting to be a translation of Voltaire's Philosophical Dictionary, by John Quincy Adams; 4th, That I have heard of a person, a stranger to me, bearing that name, but know not how he came by it, nor to what family he belongs.

I have read extracts from Voltaire's Philosophical Dictionary, and others of his writings infected with infidelity, but I have also read and seen performed on the stage his tragedies of Zaire, Alzire, and Mahomet, and I have read his epic poem the Henriade. I have read his writings, in which he complains, that he had been accused of irreligious propensities, and appeals to these tragedies and epic poem as proof of his orthodoxy. He boasts that when his tragedy of Zaire was first performed, it was called the Christian tragedy.—In the tragedy of Alzire a Spanish Vicerory is murdered by a Peruvian Indian, and when the assassin is brought before him, as he is dying, he says—

"Learn now the difference between thy gods and mine,
Thy gods command thee revenge and murder;
And mine, when thou hast stabbed me to the heart,
Command me both to pity and forgive thee!"

In his Henriade he glorifies Henry the Fourth for having been converted by a vision, in which his ancestor, St. Louis, proves to him the truth of the doctrine of transsubstantiation; and he dedicated his tragedy of Mahomet to Pope Benedict the XIVth, assuring him that in exposing the imposter of a false religion, there was no person to whom the work could with so much propriety be dedicated as to the head of the true religion; a compliment for which the sovereign pontiff rewarded him, as a true and faithful son of the holy church, with his paternal and apostolic benediction.

Now if the infidel neighbor of the Rev. Mr. Hubbard declared that he would have no further confidence in *me*, if I had been blowing hot and cold, by publishing a translation of Voltaire's Philosophical Dictionary, and yet professing for myself religious sentiments and opinions, how could he have any confidence in Voltaire himself—such an adept in the art of blowing hot and cold, that he wrote with the same pen his Philosophical Dictionary and his Henriade, his Zaire, his Alzire and his Mahomet—how could the infidel justify himself for recommending to his friend the work of such a weathercock in religious opinions as Voltaire, and yet profess to withdraw all his confidence in me for my supposed inconsistency in publishing the infidel trash of Voltaire, and yet avowing religious sentiments for myself?

The result is that Voltaire was a lively, sarcastical, disingenuous, prejudiced, fanatical disbeliever in Christianity, ready to assume the mask of religion, or to cast it away, just as it suited his interest or his humor; and flattering himself that his easiest way to do it was by demolishing the Christian religion. I never thought his Philosophical Dictionary worth reading, and I read his Bible only to despise it.

I have read also his Maid of Orleans, and despised him also for that—infamous for its perversion of all moral principle, and all decency. Its injustice to one of the brightest characters in human history is its most crying sin. A Frenchman who can think or speak of Joan of Arc without reverence, must have a heart colder than the everlasting ice at the poles.

You are at liberty, sir, to make such use of this letter as you think proper. I am certainly not ambitious of the reputation of spending my time in translating or in publishing Voltaire's Philosophical dictionary.

There are very few from some of whose writings I have recoiled with more disgust and horror; of his infidelity and dissolute morals I have had more than a surfeit; and if I have ever derived any benefit from them, it has only been by that process which extracts healing medicine from the deadliest of poisons.

I am, very respectfully and thankfully dear Sir,

Your obedient servant,

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

John Randolph.

I remember some years since to have seen John Randolph in Baltimore. I had frequently read and heard descriptions of him, and one day, as I was standing in Market, now Baltimore street, I remarked a tall, thin, unique looking being, hurrying toward me with a quick, impatient step, evidently much annoyed by a crowd of boys who were following close at his heels, not in the obstreporous mirth which they would have followed a crazy or drunken man, or an organ grinder and his monkey, but in the silent, curious wonder with which they would have haunted a Chinese bedecked in full costume. I instantly knew the individual to be Randolph, from the description. I therefore advanced toward him that I might make a full observation of his person without violating the rules of courtesy in stopping to gaze at him. As he approached, he occasionally turned toward the boys with an angry glance, but without saying any thing, and then hurried on as if to outstrip them, but it would not do. They followed close behind the orator, each one observing him so intently that each one said nothing to his companions. Just before I met him, he stopped a Mr. C., a cashier of one of the banks, said to be as odd a fish as John himself. I loitered in a store close by, and unnoticed, remarked the Roanoke orator for a considerable time, and really he was the strangest looking being I ever beheld.

His long thin legs, about as thick as a strong walking cane, and of much such a shape, were encased in a pair of tight small clothes, so tight that they seemed part and parcel of the limbs of the wearer. Handsome white stockings were fastened with great tidiness at the knees by a small gold buckle, and over them, coming about half way up the calf, were a pair of what, I believe, are called hose—course, and country knit. He wore shoes. They were old-fashioned and fastened only by buckles—huge ones. He trod like an Indian, without turning his toes out, but planked them down straight ahead. It was the fashion in those days to wear a fan tailed coat, with but little collar, buttons far apart behind, and few on the breast. Mr. Randolph's was the reverse of all this—and instead of his coat being fan tailed, was, what the knights of the needle call swallow tailed—the collar was immensely large—the buttons behind were in kissing proximity, and they sat together as close on the breast of the garment, as the feasters at a public festival. His waist was remarkable slender; so slender, that, as he stood with his arms akimbo, he could easily, as I thought, have spanned around it with his long bony fingers. Around him his coat, which was very tight, was held together by one button, and in consequence, an inch or more of tape, to which it was attached, was perceptible where it was pulled through the cloth. About his neck he wore a large white cravat, in which his chin was occasionally buried as he moved his head in conversation; no shirt collar was perceptible; every other person seemed to pride himself upon the size of his, as they were then worn large. Mr. Randolph's complexion was precisely that of a mummy; withered, saffron, dry and bloodless; you could not have placed a pin's point on his face where you would not have touched a wrinkle.

His lips were thin, compressed and colorless; the chin, which was beardless as a boy's, was broad for the size of his face, which was small; his nose was straight, with nothing remarkable in it, except that it was too short. He wore a fur cap, which he took off, standing a few minutes uncovered. I observed that his head was quite small; a characteristic which is said to have marked many men of talent, Byron and Chief Justice Marshall for instance.

Upwards of 50,000 laborers are employed upon the railway from Petersburg to Moscow. The way is 500 miles long, and will be completed in about two years. This is the railway on which our countrymen, Maj. Whistler, for merly engineer on the Boston and Albany Railroad, is engaged.

A Mormon paper published at Nauvoo pronounces Millerism a humbug, and wonders that there is such a rapid growth of fanaticism in the country. Coming from *that* source, such comments are rich.

POPULAR TALES.

TUFT-HUNTING.

A TALE.

Concluded from page 365.

On the same morning, Charles Ormston was busily engaged with Turnover at Tattersall's betting-r oms. The great 'Derby day' of the Epsom race week was fast approaching, and Ormston's friends had been kind enough, in sporting phrase, to 'make up a book' for him, that is to say, to bet certain sums on his behalf for and against certain horses, in such a manner as, according to their account, insured his winning a very large sum, at the risk of a very small one. The book in which all these transactions were entered, on being placed in its owner's hands, was filled with a number of hieroglyphics, the meaning of which he could not, in the slightest degree, make out. From Turnover's interpretation, however, he understood that, if certain horses he named should gain the race, Ormston would win several thousand pounds.

It happened that the eventful race-day was the same as that on which Charles became of age, when the grand rout was to take place. After much anxious expectation, it came; and Mrs Ormston surveyed her preparations in an ecstacy of satisf ction. With the dread peculiar to persons of her breeding, of not having 'enough' of everything, the lavish profusion apparent on all sides was really refreshing to her c paci us notions of good taste. By the hour named on the invitations (an ultra-fashionable one just before midnight), everything seemed complete The four occasional waiters, all in dingy white waistcoats, who were to announce the visitor's name from landing to landing, were punctually at their posts. The three cooks (from the confectioner's), in paper caps and white jackets, had set out as much of the supper as the immense table under the marque would hold: the quadrille band came, but was found so numerous, that it nearly filled up the back drawing room, so the double bass players were sent away, to leave more space for the dancers; choice flowers in pots (hired from the Brompton nursery) duly adorned the stairs. In short, everything accorded exactly with Mrs Ormston's views of splendour and elegance.

She was recalled from her survey by the knock of the first visitor, and rushed to her seat of state with the utmost precipitation, lest she should be 'caught' unfashionably superintending the preparations. Charles and Selina were both in the drawing-room, looking the reverse of happy. The brother was nervous about the result of the race, the news of which he expected every moment; the sister dreaded a misunderstanding between her uncle and mother; for the old gentleman had contrived to let her know that he intended being present, accompanied with some friends.

The rooms filled rapidly, and the names of the firs thirty or forty guests were properly announced; much to the delight of the hostess, for every third name bore a title. But as the influx increased, this formulary became impracticable from the crowd, which was inconveniently great, even before two-thirds of the guests could arrive. The occasional waiters therefore withdrew to the kitchen, just to look after the wine, and to see that the decanters were not sent to table vulgarly full: the drawing room was too crowded fo' dancing, the musicians not having elbow room to play: the stairs were impassible; some of the plants got knocked over; others tore the ladies dresses; and one of the many pe sons who had taken refuge in the hall, got a severe contusion on the head from the fal of a flower pot; while a fashionable doctor, who incautiously looked up to see which of the ladies it was who had fainted, got his spectacles broken by a stray coffee-cup which a serv nt let fall over the banisters.

During this crisis, several of the visitors found their way to the marquee, and their example was not slow in being followed by others. The place was soon filled; and a few of the guests, at a loss for amusement, commenced a vigorous attack upon the viands Thus, the splendid supper, which was to have been demolished before its time. The speech by which Lord Skempton was to have prefaced Charles Ormston's health, was lost; and as the servants had no room to place fresh viands upon the table, not above one half of the guests got anything to eat.

While the confusion was confounding the guests below stairs, other disasters were occurring in the drawing-rooms. In the first place, the Honourable Thomas Turnover made his appearance in a state of great excitement, produced by his visit to Epsom, and a large quantity of ch mpagne he had imbibed on the race course. On entering the house, he violently thrust aside several ladies to get up stairs; and their shrieks were positively alarming to the occup nts of the drawing-room. By dint, however, of perseverance, and the unsparing use of his elbows, he at length reached the object of his search. He found Charles Ormston wedged into a corner, and informed him that the wrong horse had won.

'How much have I lost, then?' was Ormston's natural question.

'I don't believe it is much over five thousand. You'll pay up at Tattersall's on Tuesday, of course?' was the consoling answer.

This information, so coolly conveyed, caused Ormston to collapse into a kind of stupor, but he was soon awakened from it. A confused murmur arose from the marquee, which gradually increased to loud and fearful cries of alarm. Some voices, heard above the rest, implored that the street door might be opened: others called for water. Several fearful explosions, like the discharge of artillery, were succeeded by an appalling glare of light at the further end of the marquee. To the terror of all present, it was announced that the fireworks had accidentally became ignited! A general rush was made to the door; and the house was happily emptied of the majority of the guests without any very serious damage.

Attention was next directed to the fire itself. Mr. Watts—who, now the crowd had given way, became visible—desired every door and window in the house to be shut, an order which was promptly complied with. By this precaution, nothing but the marquee in the back lawn and its contents were burnt, for the fire was, on subsiding sufficiently, put out by the active exertions of the remaining guests—the men servants having arranged the decanters so much to their liking, that they were too inebriated to afford assistance.

It was a long time before Mrs Ormston recovered sufficiently from her fright to feel the full tide of disappointment and vexation which set in upon her. That this—the grand re-union which was to cement the friendship of all the high connexions she took a whole year to form, should have been so utter a failure, was, said she, 'enough to break her heart.'

'I trust it will not do that,' answered Watts drily; 'but I hope it will break you of setting up pretensions you can never support.'

'What! not upon two thousand a year?'

'No; nor upon twenty thousand,' replied the stock broker: unless you know *how* to spend it. Let this be a lesson to you, and let me point out its application. You wished to give a soiree in all respects equal to that of your friend Lady Skempton.'

'Then *you* know them?'

'Indeed I do; and know their son, your elected son-in-law, to be a thorough schemer. But that's your affair: what I now desire is to show you why you have made such an outrageous mess of your rout.

You would imitate the nobility, and take Lady Skempton as your especial pattern. But you will never can carry the imitation beyond a blunder; because you have not the means. The Skemptons have an adequate establishment of well-disciplined servants, who know their business; you hire your extra attendants from your tradesman: the Skemptons know exactly how many guests their house and grounds will accommodate, to make them pass their evening agreeably; you invite as many guests as your house will hold: they make all their previous arrangements with care, the result of experience derived from passing their lives amongst people of their own rank; you were obliged to guess at everything, so that whatever turns out well is a matter of chance. Before this day is over, you will find that you are the laughing stock of the whole town.'

The person addressed, together with her son, who was present, listened to the lecture with greater attention on this occasion than they had ever done before. Charles—from some expressions dropped by Turnover in a moment of drunken incautiousness—was convinced that his supposed friend had completely duped him, and consequently began to see the force of his uncle's remarks.

On the following Tuesday, Ormston made his appearance at the betting rooms, to see what he actually had lost. Turnover, who was t ere first, was extremely delighted to see him, and clapping him on the back, called him a 'capital fellow,' for, of course, he had come to 'p y up.'

Charles dropped his crest, and was forced into the humiliating disclosure that he had not at present sufficient ready money. If, however, he could get time——.

'Time!' exclaimed the Honourable Thomas Turnover, changing his smile into a fierce frown—time; why, you must be joking! This is 'settling day,' and you don't mean to own that you have not brought your check book?'

'My assets at the banker's would not cover a quarter of the amount.'

Turnover was thunderstricken. 'What!' he exclaimed, 'am I, who made your bets, to be compromised, merely because you pursuade me to form engagements for you you have no means of keeping? Why, sir, my character as a betting man will be ruined! in short, you must provide the needful.'

Some part of this conversation having been overheard, it soon got buzzed about the room that Ormston was a defaulter. Several persons came up to him, and with constrained politeness, demanded their bets. He stammered, hesitated, and at length determined to make his escape. His sporting creditors would not, however, allow him to do so until they made him aware, by half uttered exclamations, that they considered him a 'contemptible mushroom.' But his horror may be conceived when he found his name

placarded in the rooms as that of a def ulter!

This did not remain in secret for a day; and it was speedily noised abroad th t the upstart Ormstons were in insolvent circumstances. Tradesmen's accounts poured in rapidly upon Mrs Ormston, every one of which was accompanied with a note, assuring her that that the writer had 'a large bill to make up' by a certain day. Other disapp intments followed. There was not one of the titled friends who suffered or returned her visits, or even spoke to the lady or her daughter in the street. They were universally 'cut' as people who had made false pretences to wealth they did not possess.

In this dreadful emergency Selina recollected the advice of her lover, and suggested that their difficulties should be laid before Mr Watts. From so severe a humiliation Mrs Ormston at first recoiled; but as her disgrace was daily deepened by the imp rtinence of tradesmen, and the openly ex; ressed contempt of her 'noble friends,' she at last consented.

'So!' exclaimed the old gentleman, when the Ormstons, mother, son, and daughter, found their way to his counting house in the city, 'it h.s come to this at last. But I will not be too hard upon you. You shall have the money you want.'

'Kind, generous uncle!' interrupted Charles, in an outburst of gratitude.

'Wait a bit,' resumed old Watts; 'not so fast. You shall only have the cash upon certain conditions. The first is, that you, sir, make your exit from London forthwith, and go to college to finish the education so badly begun.'

'That I shall be delighted to do,' said young Ormston.

'You, Mrs Ormston, must give up the house in Ebury Street, and put down your carriage.'

The old lady sighed assent.

'As for you, miss,' continued the old gentleman, addressing his niece with a comical severity, 'I shall not let you off so easily; for you have a heavy sin to answer for. That clerk of mine, Harry Hamilton, you have actually ruined. Before he knew you, there was not a sharper lad in Bartholomew Lane, but now he is not worth ten pounds a year to me, or to himself either. The sentence I shall pass upon you will be a severe one, I promise you; it will affect the term of your natural life. There, there; don't blush and weep so; but dry your tears with this; it's a check for the amount your m.ther has come to borrow.'

What the punishment was, the reader will discover by the sequel.

* * *

Two years elapsed, and the scene was changed to a neat but elegant cottage at Richmond. On a fine autumn evening, a small party were sitting at the open parlor window, watching the motion of a nursemaid, who was trying to teach her little charge to walk upon the lawn. All seemed interested in the operation, but an old gentleman, in the last stage of a complicated disorder, called the 'fidgets.' He rose from his chair, looked at his watch, sat down again, pretended to hum a tune, and lastly burst forth with—'Confound the fellow, I wish he'd come!'

'My dear uncle,' remarked the younger of the two ladies present, 'I never knew you so impatient before. Henry said it was impossible for him to bring the news before seven, and it is not long past six.'

'Well, perhaps, after all, I am an old f-ol for my pains,' replied Mr Watts (for it was he); 'but I must say I set my whole heart upon Charles gaining the election. He has acted so well—has followed my advice so thoroughly—(and so have you, Mrs Ormston; let me give you full credit)—has behaved so steadily and got on so rapidly during his second spell at college, that if he be not rewarded for all this by success and a seat in the house, I really believe I shall go crazed.'

At this moment the clattering of fast falling horses hoofs was heard in the road, and presently a violent peal at the bell was followed by our friend Henry Hamilton, who rushed in, waving a printed placard headed 'Ormston and Independence.' 'Huzza! the day is ours!' he exclaimed. 'Here it is in black and white—majority for Ormston, fifty nine!'

'Dear Harry, what a fearful heat y u are in,' exclaimed Selina, forgetting for a moment the success of her brother in anxiety about her husband.

The first emotion of joy over, a new source of pleasure was presented. Hamilton explained that Charles Ormston had arranged to drive straight through the metropolis from the scene of his triumph, and would doubtless join them before bed time. Sure enough about ten o'clock he arrived. His mother received him in her arms with tears of sincere joy. The uncle shook him heartily by the hand; in short, he was greeted with one of those cordial, deep, family welcome, which fills the hearts of both giver and receiver with the purest joy. It was one of those moments of which there only happens one in a lifetime.

After supper, the conversation naturally turned upon past events. In this Mr Watts took as usual the largest share. 'You now see,' he said, 'the effect of people keeping within their means; I mean their social and intellectual, as well as their pecuniary means.'

'I must say I have long seen my error, said Mrs Ormston.

'So I should think,' was the consolatory rejoinder. 'The loss of seven thousand pounds in rout going, betting, and other aristocratic amusements, ought to have opened your and Charle's eyes if anything would.'

'Mine will soon be closed,' said Ormston, 'unless I have someth ng to keep me awake. I am tired and sleepy, for electioneering is harder work than you imagine.'

'Well,' persevered the lecturer, 'I have only one word more to say. You perceive, from past experience, that it is easy enough for any person with cash at his command to cultivate the acquaintance of a certain section of the nobility—of that class who have lost caste amongst their 'order,' and who make dupes of those whom they find so easy a prey as tuft hunters. On the other hand, the true nobility of this country are constantly lifting persons of talent out of their original sphere, to add a tone and infuse additional intellect into their social state. Eminent worth and genius, therefore, are the only sure passports to 'high life. Charles has now got into the right track to safety an ambition which is never unworthy when properly followed up; so just pass the negus, and here's to the health and prosperity of Charles Ormston, Esquire, M. P. for Plumpton!'

To Raise good Radishes.

Take pure sand, some depth from the surface; or, pure earth, below where it has been tilled or ploughed; or sea sand, washed by the waves; make a bed in the garden, six or eight inches deep, and as big as you please, in this throw your radish seed, and they will grow well without manure, and be free from worms; we have tried it frequently, and never failed.

Radishes that are grown very early in the season are of slow growth, and inferior to those grown after the weather is warm enough to hasten them, as the faster they grow, the more tender and finer the flavor.—[*Yankee Farmer.*

VARIETY.

Filial Affection.

Adutiful and obedient daughter always makes a dievoted and faithful wife. Let no man, as he values his own happines, marry a woman of an unfilial nature. In spite of the guile of Iago, there was much wisdom in his remark to Othello, when exciting the Moor to suspicion of Desdemona's integrity: "She hasdeceived her father, and may thee!'

There is no trait of endearment more pleasing than the confiding tenderness of a young maiden in the care and vigilance of her mother. If she be an only child, the pleasure with which we contemplate her silent and cheerful acquiescence in every maternal dictate, is greatly enhanced. When the sentiment of love is first awakened in the heart of such a one, it seems rather to deepen than to divert the stream of her filial affection. No man should be so selfish or so unwise as to desire the lessening of that pure and holy obedience, which is the best assurance of his own enduring felicity. Happy is he who has won for himself the fond love of a young creature, whose life has been guarded by a mother's prayers, and into whose spirit the gentle influences of a mother's mind have descended, like dews into the petals of a flower, which might else have faded in the morning of life.—*New World.*

A Story of the Revolution.

OR THE NATIVE PEPPER AND SALT PANTALOONS.

The following is a bona fide fact, taken without emendation from the life of a mother in Israel. It will show that there was an anti British spirit in the woman as well as the men of '76. I hope all the girls in Franklin will read it, though I am afraid some of them especially in the capital of the county, will need a dictionary to find out the meaning of the terms wheel, loom, &c. The first is the name of an old fashioned piano with one string, the other is a big house organ with but few stops. But to the story.

Late in the afternoon of one of the last days in May '76, when I was a few months short of fifteen years old, notice came to Townsend, Mass., where my father used to live, that fifteen soldiers were wanted.

The training band was instantly called out, and my brother, that was next older than I was one that was elected. He did not return till late at night, when all were in bed. When I rose in the morning I found my mother in tears, who informed me that my brother John was to march next day after to-morrow morning at sunrise. My father was at Boston in the Massachusetts assembly. Mother said that, though John was supplied with Summer clothes, he must be absent seven or eight months, and would suffer for want of Winter garments. There were at this time no stores and no articles to be had except such as each family could make itself. The sight of mother's tears always brought all the hidden strength of the body and mind

into action. I immediately asked what garment was needed. She replied, 'pantaloons.'

'O, if that is all,' said I, 'we will spin and weave him a pair before he goes.'

'Tut,' said mother, 'the wool is on the sheep's backs, and the sheep are in the pasture.'

I immediately turned to a younger brother and bade him take a salt dish and call them to the yard.

Mother replied, 'poor child, there are no sheep shears within three miles and a half.'

'I have some small shears at the loom,' said I.

'But we can't spin and weave it in so short a time.'

'I am certain we can, mother.'

'How can you weave it? there is a long web of linen in the loom.'

'No matter, I can find an empty loom.'

By this time the sound of the sheep made me quicken my steps toward the yard. I requsted my sister to bring me the wheel and cards while I went for the wool. I went into the yard with my brother and secured a white sheep, from which I sheared with my loom shears half enough for a web; we then let her go with the rest of her fleece. I sent the wool in by my sister, Luther ran for a black sheep, and held her while I cut off wool for my filling and half the warp, and then we allowed her to go with the remaining coarse part of the fleece.

The rest of the narrative the writer would abridge by saying that the wool thus obtained was duly carded and spun, washed, sized and dried; a loom was found a few doors off, the web got in, wove, and cloth prepared, cut and made two or three hours before the brother's departure—that is to say, in forty hours from the commencement, without help from any modern improvements.

The good old lady closed by saying, "I felt no weariness, I wept not, I was serving my country. I was relieving poor mother, I was preparing a garment for my darling brother.

'The garment being finished, I retired and wept till my overcharged and bursting heart was relieved.'

This brother was, perhaps, one of Gen. Stark's soldiers, and with such a spirit to cope with, need we wonder that Burgoyne did not execute his threat of marching through the heart of America?—*Greenfield Mercury.*

From the Montreal Transcript.

Copy Rights.

The recent prohibitions of American reprints of the best British Periodicals, operates very injuriously upon the people of this Colony, and has given rise to many heavy murmurs, exclusive of Mr. J. H. Tebbetts of this city, whose business, previously carried on upon a large scale, is completely paralysed by its effects. The following letter has been addressed to Mr. Tebbetts by the Deputy Postmaster General:

GENERAL POST OFFICE,
Quebec. 6th July, 1843.

SIR,—In answer to your letter of the 4th instant, I beg to say that I have no information to afford you in the subject to which your letter refers, further than what I have already in substance supplied, which is, that I am directed to rate with letter postage all newspapers coming from the United States which contain English copyright works, and to seize and hand over to her Majesty's Customs all extras and pamphlets from the same country, containing such works.

The British Quarterly Reviews, the Dublin Univeisity Magazine, Blackwood's Magazine, Bently's Miscellany, and the London Lancet come within the class of pamphlets interdicted by which I am governed.

Should you repuire any further information, I must beg to refer you to the Post Master of Montreal.

I am, Sir,
Your very obedient servant,
T. A. STAYNER,
D. P. M. G.

The Polypi.

The Polypi is one of the most curious of the animal world, and feeds upon insects. It sometimes happens that two polypi lay hold of the some worm, and when they meet, one swallows the other; but their stomachs, like those of all other animals, being incapable of digesting a living substance, after an hour or two, the one which has been swallowed issues out. The manner in which those animals propagate their kind is not less remarkable—First, there appear small tubucles on the side, which in a few days assume the shape of a small polypi. Before it is separated from the parent, the young one seizes its food, and it is often the case that it becomes a parent before being detached therefrom. The indestructibility of their life is most astonishing. When cut in two, they will join themselves together, and when cut in two and scattered, each part forms a new and entire animal. They may also be turned inside out, and even grafted together. This remarkable power of reproduction gave them the scientific name of hydra, in allusion to the fabulous monster of that name.

A beggar asked a bishop for a penny—the bishop refused. He then asked for his blessing, which the bishop very readily consented to accord. The beggar reflected a moment, and concluded he would not take it—"for," said he, "if it were worth a penny, you would not give it to me."

A LOAFER.—The following is the best definition of a loafer we have yet seen—'A person who begs all the tobacco he uses—knows more people than are acquainted with him, when he meets them—often looking at his borrowed watch to see the time, and takes the paper two weeks and then tramps.'

MORMONISM IN RUSSIA.—Joe Smith has issued his edict that Elders Orson Hyde, and G. J. Adams, go to Russia, as Missionaries, for the promulgation of the Mormon creed. 'The brethren' are called upon to loosen their purse strings, in order to fit them out.

HARD CURRENCY.—'Musket balls full bore,' were a legal tender in Massachusetts in 1656, 'current for a farthing apiece, provided that no man be compelled to take above 12 at a time of them.'—In 1680, the town of Hingham paid its taxes in milk pails.

AN ASSASSIN.—There recently died in Paris a remarkable person, Count Ribbing Leven, one of the assassins of Gustavus the Third, King of Sweden. It was at a masked ball, given at the opera house at Stockholm, on the 16th of March, 1795, that Gustavus received a shot which, in thirteen days deprived him of life. The pistol was fired by Antlestoven, who was executed; Count Leven was an accomplice and was banished.

AMERICAN MASONIC REGISTER

Albany, Saturday, July 22, 1843.

CITY OF NAUVOO.—According to the Burlington (Iowa) Gazette, this is a great place. Settled but four years since, its population is now stated to number from fifteen to seventeen thousands. New accessions are making daily from other sections of the country, and from Europe. It seems impossible that such a fantical impostor as Joe Smith is represented to be, could collect so large a mass of people around him, and influence them to commit their destenies to his guidance. It is one of the greatest phenomena of the times, and it appears that some element that goes to make up the attractions, must be unexplained. The miserable mummeries and delusions that Mormonism is understood to consist of, could never produce such results. Witness the following description of the place from the Gazette:

"It is situated at one of the most beautiful points on the river, and is improving with a rapidity that is truly astonishing. Many of the houses are built in fine style, evincing wealth as well as taste. The Temple, which is destined to be the most magnificent structure in the west, is progressing rapidly, and will probably be completed in the course of the present and succeeding summer. Its style of architecture is entirely original—unlike anything in the world, or in the history of the world—but is at the same time chaste and elegant. It is said to be the conception of the Prophet, General Smith. It is being built by the voluntary labor of the members of the church, who devote a certain number of days in the week. If the labor and materials were estimated at cash price, it is supposed that the building would cost something like a million of dollars."

LOST OVERBORD.—A little boy belonging to a party of Swiss Immigrants accidentally fell overboard from one of the Albany steamboats on Friday evening while passing through the Highlands. The child fell into the water near the front gangway where the wheel must have passed over it at once, and killed it instantly. All efforts to find the body proved useless.

WONDERFUL.—The Pitsburgh American, a respectable daily paper, repeats from the lips of a "gentleman of most unquestionable veracity, and of intelligence and information to place him beyond the charge of self delusion," that on the 27th ult, he observed in the west, just before the setting of the sun, the figure of an eagle. The form of the bird was perfect in the cloud, and in the attitude of flying, or rather flapping of its wings. He stated that nothing could be more plain or distinct, every part being there, and in just and proper proportion, as if drawn by an artist of the highest talent: and just below the right wing of the bird was another cloud, representing, equally clear and distinct, an inkstand, to which a pen or quill was inserted. He called two witnesses who corroborate the story!

BOYS AND GUN POWDER.—It appears that the desolating fire at Fall River was occasioned by a set of lawless boys, collected behind the buildings in which the fire first took, and passing the *Sunday* afternoon in burning gun powder.

A MILLERITE IN ITALY.—A correspondent of the Puritan, under date of Genoa, Jan. 1, writes:

'I saw a Millerite here the other day from Worcester, Mass. He had come by steamer to Liverpool, and then directly here swift as wind and sail could carry him. From here he took steamer to Rome, where he expected to be persecuted by the Pope; and then he was off for Jerusalem, where, after forty days' fast Christ was to appear and set up his kingdom. He was solemn as eternity, and fully believed what he said. Nothing could stop him, as he said he could not attain the Lord Jesus Christ, and he could not appear till after his forty days' fast. He had scarcely money enough to carry him there, and I fear before this the dogs have gnawed his bones without some city.

A DINNER WORTH HAVING.—The Philadelphia North America states that a gentleman who resides in the vicinity of that city invited his four children—three daughters and a son—to dine with him on the fourth, and when at table each one found before them securities to the amount of 200 thousand dollars, making eight hundred thousand in the aggregate.

A BOLD TRICK.—Messrs. Beecher & Johnson, forwarders, of Buffalo, recently shipped a load of flour for Albany on board a scow boat. The captain, instead of bringing the flour through, began to dispose of it on his own account, and by the time he arrived at Utica, he had disposed of his whole load and pocketed the proceeds, which was something over $2000. Not satisfied with this, he ran his boat (which did not belong to him) up the Chenango canal, sold it, and received $500 more, with which he has absconded. Officers have been despatched after him, but we understand he has not yet been arrested.—*Albany Atlas.*

BREACH OF PROMISE.—At a session of the U. S. Circuit Court held at Newport, R. I., Judge Pitman presiding, a case was tried in which the parties were Miss Abby Breck, plaintiff, and C. Dalrymple, defendant, both of Providence, the damage laid at $10,000. The Jury after an absence of an hour, returned with a verdict for the plaintiff of five thousand dollars.

AN ARABIAN HORSE.—A Paris correspondent of the Charleston Courier, speaks of a fine white Arab charger, owned by a French officer, taken in one of the battles in Africa; but so highly was he prized that two hundred Arabs made a desperate onset for the purpose of recapturing him, and, failing in their object, endeavored to kill him, rather than leave him in among French hands. The horse received three severe wounds, the marks of which are pretty visible. Under his saddle was found his well authenticated genealogy, which proved his pure blood.

THE CROPS IN MICHIGAN.—The Detroit Free Press of Wednesday last, speaks favorably of the growing corn crop. The farmers expect 'a good crop' is the gratifying annunciation.

All accounts, both lately and previously, speak enthusiastically of the wheat crop of Michigan. It is estimated that it will be at least one third larger than last year's crop, and of a remarkably fine quality too.

The crop of '42 was 4,952,389 bushels. Should the crop of '43 reach the estimated increase of one third, the aggregate would be 5,279,852 bushels of wheat, being almost as large as the crop of Illinois in '42. If the farmers get fair prices, as there is some prospect, the crop of '43 will nearly release Michigan from debt.

Ship Franklin cleared at Boston, Thursday for the East Indies, carries out 260 bales domestics.

Glover has been sentenced to 18 months in the House of Connecticut, for his beastly abuse to Miss Austin. Not half enough for the brute!

The Boston Trade Sale of Books, &c., closed on Friday last. The amount sold exceeded ninety thousand dollars. Great.

Fourth Semi-annual Meeting.

Notice was given in the July number of the Recorder, that a *semi-annual* meeting of the New-York State Temperance Society, would be held at Saratoga Springs on the 2d day of August. We now repeat the notice, and would earnestly request our friends who have not already done so, to appoint delegates who can and will attend this meeting. The convention will assemble in the Presbyterian Church at that place, where we hope to meet with our brethren from all quarters of the state. Editors throughout the state are respectfully requested to notice this meeting.

On behalf of the Executive Committee,

PHILIP PHELPS, *Chm'n.*

MARRIED.

At Northampton, Fulton co., on the 11th inst., by the Rev. B. H. Pitman, Mr. Jabor Gibbs, of Providence, Saratoga Co., to Mrs. Sarah B. Smith, of the former place and daughter of Rev. H. Pitman.

On the 17th inst., by Rev. H. L. Starks, Mr. Jacob V. Pl tto, merchant, to Mary, daughter of Mr. H. Whitney, all of this city.

In New York, on Friday, the 14th inst, by the Rev. Mr. Sheeney, Mr. Benjamin Jeroe, of Paterson, N. J. to Miss Margaret Van Orden, of Monroe Co., State of New York.

At Boston, on the 13th instant, Henry W. Longfellow, Professor of modern Languages, in Harvard University, to Fanny Elizabeth, daughter of the Hon. Nathan Appleton, of the former place.

DIED.

At Pittsfield, Mass., on the 13th instant, Mrs. Orra W. Mosley, widow of Henry Mosley, Esq. and sister of Dr. Joel A Wing, of this city, aged 46 years.

Vernor Cuyler, infant son of Barnet C. and Caroline F. Humphrey.

MASONIC APRONS, of the Degree of Arch or Master, elegantly engraved and printed on Satin, as well as Diplomas, can be had on application to the editor of this paper. Masons from a distance, requiring any of the above articles, can have them carefully packed up, to the care of any mercantile house in New York.

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POETRY.

From the Portland Tribune.

MY BIRTH DAY.

BY D. C. COLESWORTHY.

Another link in being's chain—
O God! how fast they make!
Why should it give me mortal pain,
That ruthless time should take
From cheek and lip their wonted bloom,
And bring the ills of life?
The golden hours of bliss consume
And leave me care and strife?

Youth! happy seasons!—when the day
Rose brightly to the view,
And, laughing in the lap of May,
Bright blossoms o'er me threw,
How glorious was the world around,
Teeming with love and truth,
While Nature's whisper had a sound
To charm the heart of youth.

Bright visions fade. The joys that lit
Blossom and leaf and flower,
That did o'er every pathway flit
Through each bright, golden hour—
That made the earth a paradise,
From every evil free.
Seem to have flown beyond the skies,
To their own purity.

I look behind and all is bright,
As when a happy boy;
Fields tinged with morning's golden light,
Where Innocence and Joy
Slept side by side. On Sunny plume
The sweet toned birds flew by,
The glittering moments to consume
That glowed so splendidly.

I look before—a weary path—
A green spot here and there,
Which desolation did not scathe,
Laying her pathway bare.
No flowers—no sunlight do I see,
But all is dark and cold,
As where the hand of Misery
Throws wide her sable fold.

But let them pass—the years may fly
On swiftest wings afar,
For safely in the glorious sky
My richest treasures are.
He who has given me life and breath,
If I but ask his care,
Will if I live, or bow in death,
Make me his glory share.

July 14th 1843.

UNCLE—Are you really an old bird, or but a chicken?—ED. REG.

CAST NOT THE POOR AWAY.

Cast not—cast not the poor away,
But freely give to him;
Fill, when he doth for water pray,
His bucket to the brim.

Another day, and you may be
In tattered garments dressed;
And haunted with stern Poverty,
By want and hunger prest.

Seek out some wealthy man to crave
A morsel from his store;
How would you feel to hear him rave,
And drive you from his door?

Then give—give liberally to him,
Who for a morsel prays;
Fill—fill his basket to the brim,
And bless him in his ways.

TO THE SYLPH OF MY DREAMS.

BY STEPHEN B. DEAN,

No words of love to me thou'st spoken
I asked them not of thee;
Thy timid gaze, Young Love's soft token,
Was all I hoped to see
Thy voice hath now low melting tones,
Not of the cold world's fashion,
Which sweetly tell thy bosom owns
A new and gentle passion.

Ah! long I watched and fondly hoped
To trace these charms in thee,
Till thy young heart, like bud unoped,
Now openeth gracefully;
And feeling gives what perfume lends
Of sweetness to the flower,
To glad the heart whose spirit bends
To hail thy new born power.

And beams thy chaste, sweet smile for me,
For me, of little worth!
Ah! bridest thou thy spirit free
To my uncheering hearth,
To grace me with thy gentleness,
And give to life those charms,
Round which, in sleep, I ever press
My spirit's loving arms.

From the Knickerbocker.

FORGET-ME-NOT.

FROM THE GERMAN: BY FITZ GREEN HALLECK.

There is a flower, a lovely flower,
Tinged deep with Faith's unchanging hue;
Pure as the ether in its hour
Of loveliest and serenest blue.
The streamlet's gentle side it seeks,
The silent fount, the shaded grot,
And sweetly to the heart it speaks,
Forget me-not, Forget-me-not.

II.

Mild as the azure of thine eyes,
Soft as the halo beam above,
In tender whispers still it sighs,
Forget me not, my life, my love!
There where thy last steps turned away,
Wet eyes shall watch the sacred spot,
And this sweet flower be heard to say,
Forget! ah no! forget me not!

III.

Yet deep its azure leaves within
Is seen the blighting hue of care;
And what that secret grief had been,
The drooping stem may well declare.
The dew-drops on its leaves are tears,
That ask, "Am I so soon forgot?"
Repeating still, amidst their fears,
My life, my love! forget me not!

MID-SUMMER.

'Tis the summer prime, when the noiseless air
In perfumed chalice lies,
And the bee goes by with a lazy hum,
Beneath the sleeping skies.
When the brook is low and the ripples bright,
As down the stream they go,
The pebbles are dry on the upper side,
And dark and wet below.

The tree that stood when the soil's athirst,
And the mullcins first appear,
Hath a dry and rusty coloured dark,
And its leaves are curled and sere;
But the dogwood and the hazel bush
Have clustered round the brook—
Their roots have stricken deep beneath,
And they have a verdant look.

To the juicy leaf the grasshopper clings,
And he gnaws it like a file,
The naked stalks are withering by,
Where he has been erewhile.
The cricket hops on the glistening rock,
Or pipes in the faded grass,
The beetle's wings are folded mute,
When the steps of the idler pass.

CALENDAR OF COMMUNICATIONS

EACH MONTH.

NAME.	PLACE	TIME.
Temple Encampment,	Albany	2d Wednesday
Temple R. A. Chapter,	Albany	2d & 4th Tuesday
Mount Vernon Lodge	Albany	1st & 3d Thursday.
Temple Lodge.	Albany	1st & 3d Tuesday.
Washington Lodge.	Albany	2nd and 4th Thursday
Apollo Lodge	Troy	1st & 3d Tuesday.
Apollo Chapter.	Troy	2d & 4th Tuesday.
Apollo Encampment,	Troy	3d Monday.
Evening Star Lodge,	West Troy	2nd & 4th Wednesday
Phoenix Lodge,	Lansingburg	1st & 3d Thursday.
Olive Branch	Bethany Gen.	1st Wednesday.
Genesee Encampment.	Lockport Nia.	2nd Thursday
Ohio Lodge. No 101,	Wheeling Va	1st Monday.
Wheeling Chapter, 10,	" "	2d Thursday.
Wheeling Encampment	"	1st Saturday.
Washington Council,	"	2d Monday ev'g month
Utica Lodge, 47,	Utica,	last Thursday
Oneida Chapter, 57.	"	1st Thursday.
Utica Encampment, 3	"	3d Tuesday.
Mount Moriah.	Louisville, Ky	1st & 3d Monday.
Louisville Encampment	do	4th Saturday.
King Solomon's chapter	do	2d Monday
Tyrian Council	do	4th Tuesday
Abrams Lodge	do	2d & 4th Thursday
Clark Lodge	do	1st and 3d Thursday
Lodge of Antiquity	do	1st Saturday
Washington Chapter,	Memphis Tenn	4th Monday
Memphis Lodge,	do	2d Tuesday.
Georgia Chapter	Savannah Geo	2d & 4th Tuesday.
Solomon Lodge	do	1st & 3d Thursday
Zerubbabel Lodge	do	2d and 4th Thursday
Oglethorpe Lodge	do	1st and 3d Monday
Shelbyville Chapter	Shelbyville, Ky	1st Monday
Solomon's Lodge,	do	2d Monday
Lafayette Chapter No 11	La range	3d Monday.
Lagrange Lodge No 91	do	2nd Monday
Hudson Lodge	Hudson	1st Monday
Hudson Chapter	do	2nd Tuesday
Hudson Encampment	do	1st Friday
Washington Lodge	Fayetteville Ark	1st do
Far West Chapter	do	2nd do

BOOK BINDING.—HARVEY H. CORNING, (late firm of Corning & Cone) would take this opportunity to return his sincere thanks to the friends of the late firm and the public generally for their patronage, and would solicit a continuance of the same.

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